

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

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No. 121.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1834.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## CONFIDENCE.

No person of limited experience or views could conceive to what an extent trade is encouraged by confidence, and checked by the reverse.

The first impulse of an ignorant selfishness is to take advantage of every thing that is in one's power, without regard to the rights of others. An enlightened morality makes it apparent that we may be more benefited eventually, by respecting the rights of others in the meantime. Hence arises honesty, which a proverb, that is in itself a satire on the human understanding, declares to be the best policy. There is, however, a more complicated train of circumstances, in which probity is less directly encouraged. The reward sometimes has little chance of falling in any considerable degree to ourselves, but rather to a class of which we form a mere constituent unit. A higher principle must then be called into exercise: we must in a great measure cultivate honesty for the sake of the purity of our own minds, and the comfort of our consciences, and the approbation of our fellows, whose interests are concerned in our rectitude. These may seem vague and uncertain motives for just dealing; but it is astonishing how far they will sometimes affect large communities, and even nations.

This probity of communities is necessary, because, without the confidence which a habitual and universal probity inspires, business could not proceed in nearly so advantageous a manner. There are some trades that would be entirely destroyed, if there were not a general probity among those concerned in them; because, if every thing had to be tested and verified, the cost of doing so would absorb the whole profit. There are other trades where the cost of verification would consume a considerable part of the profit, so that the trade, instead of flourishing, would languish. Men, foreseeing these results, contract a kind of spirit in favour of probity, each in his own department, and thus their general interests are much advanced. Even thieves are found to have an honesty among themselves, arising out of these views of policy. Though they scruple not to proclaim a predatory war upon all the rest of their fellow-creatures, they know that they must respect the rights of their companions, even to a farthing, as, without confidence in their own fraternity, neither their interests nor their lives could be safe.

Perhaps there is no more splendid exemplification of the utility of that confidence which a general probity inspires, than what is presented by the Clearing House in Lombard Street. This is a rendezvous to which all the banking-houses in the metropolis send each a clerk every day, with the various bills in their possession drawn upon other banking-houses, which their representative officials exchange against each other, so as to leave only small balances, which are paid in cash. By this simple arrangement, which rests entirely upon a general probity, from five to eight millions are turned over daily, without more than two or three hundred thousand pounds being required in actual cash; and an incalculable saving of trouble and expense is thus effected. An exemplification of a somewhat different kind is related by Professor Babbage, in his "Economy of Machinery and Manufactures." On the closing of the continental ports against British goods by Napoleon, a house in the centre of Germany, which had been in the habit of doing extensive business with a house in England, contrived, notwithstanding the severe penalties threatened by the French emperor, to continue the traffic. Orders were sent, unsigned, or signed only by the Christian name of one of the partners, directing goods to be sent to certain

places of deposit, and appointing certain times and places of payment; and though the English house could have had no recourse for the enforcement of payment, such was the character of their German correspondents, that they never hesitated to execute the orders. In no instance was there the least irregularity in the payments.

Some remarkable instances of the disadvantages arising from the improbity of a large body of traders, are given by the same writer. Irish flax has always been considered superior *naturally* to any other; and yet it was found, some years ago, by a committee of the House of Commons, that it never brought so much as other flax by a penny or twopence a pound. The cause of this was explained by the Secretary of the Irish Linen-Board. "The owners of flax," says he, "who are almost always people in the lower walks of life, believe that they can best advance their own interests by imposing on the buyers. Flax being sold by weight, various expedients are used to increase it; and every expedient is injurious, particularly the damping of it; a very common practice, which makes the flax always heat. The inside of every bundle (and the bundles all vary in bulk) is often full of pebbles, or dirt of various kinds, to increase the weight. In this state it is purchased, and exported to Great Britain. The natural quality of Irish flax is admitted to be not inferior to that produced by any foreign country; and yet the flax of every foreign country, imported into Great Britain, obtains a preference among the purchasers, because the foreign flax is brought to the British market in a *cleaner and more regular state*." The Secretary afterwards stated, that, if the production of flax were prosecuted in a different manner in Ireland, that country was able to produce all that was necessary in Great Britain, so that none would be required from any foreign country. It is therefore evident, that the want of an enlightened morality in the flax-growers of Ireland both prevented themselves from getting a proper price for the article, and prevented the country at large from obtaining the advantage which nature had ordained for it, of exclusively producing the materials of all the linen goods used in this populous empire.

A story is related of a Frenchman selling a quantity of gunpowder to a nation of North American Indians, telling them, that, if they sowed it in their fields, it would grow like corn, and repay them a hundred-fold. The trick lost to France the whole commerce of the nation, besides leading to much bloodshed. A similar deception, we regret to say, was practised by a British needle-manufacturer upon the Africans, in Mr Lander's late expedition. The traveller, knowing the fondness of the Africans for needles, had brought with him nearly a hundred thousand of various sizes, among which was a great quantity of *Whitechapel sharps*, "warranted superfine, and not to cut in the eye." Of these last, Mr Lander distributed a considerable quantity, not dreaming of any deceit; but they were soon brought back to him by the natives, with loud complaints of their having no eyes whatever. The manufacturer had perhaps supposed that the Africans were fair subjects for deception, and possibly he made a little money by the transaction; but it is obvious that he can never be again employed in the African needle-trade. Mr Lander might have lost his life in consequence of the deception; and, for certain, an additional difficulty has been thrown in the way of establishing a commercial intercourse with the interior of Africa. The manufacturer has immediately injured himself, and remotely, perhaps, both himself and his country.

Mr Babbage adverts to some instances of trade decaying in certain districts from no other cause than this. A parliamentary committee on the lace-trade some years ago reported, "It is singular that the grievance most complained of one hundred and fifty years ago, should, in the present improved state of trade, be the same grievance which is now most complained of; for it appears, by the evidence given before your committee, that all the witnesses attribute the decay of the trade more to the making of fraudulent and bad articles, than to the war, or any other cause." A kind of lace called "single-press" was manufactured, and looked fair enough to the eye; but, when washed, the threads slipped, and the whole became useless. Now, as the eye even of an experienced person could hardly distinguish between single-press and double-press lace, the former was generally imposed for the latter. Accordingly, one witness informed the committee that the trade had ceased in all places where the fraud had been discovered. The industry of a whole district was prostrated by fraud.

That trade is always sure to be the most prosperous, in which there is the least possibility of deceiving the public as to the quality of the articles; and one reason of this is, that, in such trades, the articles can be sold more cheaply. An article like loaf-sugar, which every one can judge of by a glance, we may purchase from any dealer; but if we wish to buy a horse or a watch, we have to go to a man who is placed, by the extent of his transactions, and the responsibility of his whole situation in life, above the chance of deceiving us. It is easy, of course, to see that, in the one case, a simple profit on the article is sufficient, while, in the other, we pay something over and above for exclusive integrity. The honest trader is obliged to charge higher, because, from the competition of the less honourable dealer who attracts the many by apparent cheapness, he has a comparatively small trade. In some trades, this uncertainty as to the genuineness of articles must operate as a decided obstacle to prosperity. Many persons are prevented, by the fear of deception, from purchasing so readily or so frequently as they would otherwise do. It may also be here pointed out, that one cause of the decline of the small manufactory system, by which there were formerly so many *master-workmen* throughout the country, has been the comparative prevalence of improbity among men of narrow means. A single cottager may attempt to impose a bad web for a good one, and hope to escape detection, or at least its more disagreeable consequences; but a large manufacturer is a more conspicuous and responsible person. Hence, when cottagers manufactured, it was found necessary to employ a class of middlemen to collect and *test* the goods; but no such expense is necessary with the proprietor of a large factory. The purchaser deals there with perfect security, because he knows that the large manufacturer would lose infinitely more, by damage of character, than he could gain by a single dishonest transaction.

The most directly beneficial use to which we can put these observations, is to hold them up as a proof of the benefits, general and particular, of honesty. Every individual in a mercantile community is thus shown to be immediately interested in the maintenance of a good reputation in that community, for, wherever there is the contrary, business must be less prosperous, and he, as well as his neighbours, must suffer. The good reputation is also shown to have two grand beneficial uses: it both gives a general encouragement to purchasers and correspondents, and it tends to cheapen goods, which is in itself an encour-

agement to purchasers. It is said that, though the people of the United States of America are not surpassed in talents for business by any nation, there is, unfortunately, among a considerable portion of them, a prevailing disposition to take undue advantages—in short, to overreach. Now, what must be the result of this? Every man must just be proportionally on his guard to prevent his neighbour from cheating him. What a lamentable state of things is this—a large portion of a nation spending a large portion of its energies in a way altogether unprofitable! How much better would it be, if the time, and thought, and exertion, which are devoted to trick, and the counteraction of trick, were spent in fair business, useful alike to individuals and the commonwealth! The difference is much the same as that between two feasts, at one of which there is a general scramble to eat out of each other's plates, while at the other every man eats quietly out of his own: it is easy to conceive that, in the latter case, each guest would have a better dinner, as well as a better opinion of himself, at the close, than in the former.

There is perhaps no country where probity more generally presides over the transactions of mercantile and manufacturing industry, than in Britain. The Saxon races seem to have an inherent honesty in their composition, which, in conjunction with an inherent humanity, another prominent characteristic, does more than all their laws and institutions for keeping them right, and improving their condition. They are a blue-eyed, honest, genial-spirited people. Immense transactions are accordingly managed in this country upon a word passed between man and man, or something equivalent to it. Vast quantities of goods pass through the hands of various purchasers without being seen, and the last consignee is just as confident about their genuineness as the first. Vast sums of money in like manner pass through various hands in an ideal form, and still they are sure to be realised at the last. It is easy to see that this honourable system must be greatly advantageous to Britain, and must have helped with other circumstances to give the people their present enviable pre-eminence among mercantile nations—for, without it, it would be absolutely impossible to carry on business to the same extent. Were verification necessary in every transaction—had every package and barrel to be opened and tested—had every merchant to send emissaries here and there to inspect the goods he was ordering to distant consignments—such obstructions, and so much additional expense, would sink the amount of the national business to a trifle.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

##### NEWSPAPERS.

###### Second Article.

In our last article, we brought down our account of newspapers to the period of the great civil war in England, when hosts of diurnals were supported by the contending parties, for the purpose of advocating their respective causes. Both armies, indeed, carried a printer about with them, for the purpose of gaining proselytes either by argument or delusion; and it was thus that the first newspaper came to be printed in Scotland. Before touching on the latter part of our subject, however, we will carry down our notice of the English publications a little farther.

In 1662, the *Kingdom's Intelligencer* was commenced in London, which contained a greater variety of useful information than any of its predecessors; it had a sort of obituary, notices of proceedings in Parliament, and in the law-courts, &c. Some curious advertisements also appear in its columns, such as—"The Faculties' Office for granting licences (by act of Parliament) to eat flesh in any part of England, is still kept at St Paul's Chain, near St Paul's Church-yard." There is, also, the following warning to the public against a literary piracy:—"There is stolen abroad, a most false and imperfect copy of a poem, called *Hudibras*, without name either of printer or bookseller, as fitting so lame and spurious an impression. The true and perfect edition, printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Marriott, under St Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street; that other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands." It would appear that efforts had been made, even at this early period, to report parliamentary speeches; for we find, by Lord Mountmorres's History of the Irish Parliament, that a warm debate occurred in that body during the above year (1662), relative to the propriety of allowing the publication of its debates in the English diurnals, and the Speaker in consequence wrote to Sir Edward Nicholls, Secretary of State, to enjoin a prohibition.

In 1663, another paper, called "the *Intelligencer*, published for the satisfaction and information of the people," was started by Roger L'Estrange, better remembered by the name of Sir Roger, being afterwards knighted for his unshaken loyalty to the house of

Stuart. He was of an ancient family in Norfolk, and distinguished himself as a soldier at the outbreak of the rebellion. Being captured by the parliamentary army, he was tried and condemned to die, and lay in prison almost four years, every morning expecting to be led forth to execution. He was at last liberated, and lived in almost total obscurity till the Restoration, when he was rewarded with the invidious post of licenser of the press. With the view of obtaining some more substantial reward, he started the *Intelligencer*, wherein he warmly espoused the cause of the crown on all occasions; and Mr Nicholls tells us that he (Sir Roger) infused into his newspapers more information, more entertainment, and more advertisements of importance, than (were contained in) any succeeding paper whatever, previous to the golden age of letters, which may be said to have commenced in the reign of Queen Anne. L'Estrange continued his journal for two years, but dropped it upon the appearance of the *London Gazette* (first called the *Oxford Gazette*, owing to the earlier numbers being issued at Oxford, where the court was then holding, and the Parliament sitting, in consequence of the plague raging in London): the first number was published on the 4th of February 1665. So rife did these little books of news, as they were called, become at this time, that between the years 1661 and 1668, no less than seventy of them were published under various titles; some of them of the most fantastic, and others of a very sarcastic, description. For example, we have the "*Mercurius Fungosus, or the Smoking Nocturnal*;" "*Mercurius Meretrix*;" "*Mercurius Radamanthus*;" "*Public Occurrences, truly stated, with allowance*;" "*News from the Land of Chicheley, being the pleasant and delectable History and wonderful strange Adventures of Don Rugero de Strangento, Knight of the Squeaking Fiddlestick*;" &c. Then, when we get about the time of the famed Popish plot, we have the "*Weekly Visions of the Popish Plot*;" "*Discovery of the Mystery of Iniquity*;" &c. On the 12th May 1680, L'Estrange, who had then started a second paper, called the *Observer*, first exercised his authority as licenser of the press, by procuring to be issued a "proclamation for suppressing the printing and publishing unlicensed news-books and pamphlets of news, because it has become a common practice for evil-disposed persons to vend to his majesty's people all the idle and malicious reports that they could collect or invent, contrary to law; the continuance whereof would in a short time endanger the peace of the kingdom: the same manifestly tending thereto, as has been declared by all his majesty's subjects unanimously." The charge for inserting advertisements (then untaxed) at this period, we learn from the *Jockey's Intelligencer*, 1683, to be "a shilling for a horse or coach, for notification, and sixpence for renewing;" also, in the *Observer Reformed*, it is announced that advertisements of eight lines are inserted for one shilling; and Morpew's *County Gentleman's Courant*, two years afterwards, says, that "seeing promotion of trade is a matter that ought to be encouraged, the price of advertisements is advanced to 2d. per line!" The publishers at this time, however, seem to have been sometimes sorely puzzled for news to fill their sheets, small as they were; but a few of them got over the difficulty in a sufficiently ingenious manner. Thus, the *Flying Post*, in 1695, announces, that "if any gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friend or correspondent with this account of public affairs, he may have it for 2d., of J. Salisbury, at the Rising Sun in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper; half of which being blank, he may thereon write his own private business, or the material news of the day." And again, *Dauker's News Letter*—"This letter will be done up on good writing-paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand!" Another publisher, with less wit or more honesty than these, had recourse to a curious enough expedient for filling his sheet: whenever there was a dearth of news, he filled up the blank part with a sufficient portion from the Bible; and in this way is said to have actually gone through the whole of the New Testament, and the greater portion of the Psalms of David!

It was not until the reign of Queen Anne, that the Londoners enjoyed the luxury of a newspaper every day. The first was issued in 1709, and called the *Daily Courant*, being published every day, Sundays excepted. There were at this time seventeen others published thrice a-week, and one twice. The following sarcastic enumeration of some of the more eminent of them is given in the *General Postscript* of October 24, 1709; and the wit of it seems very much on a par with that exhibited in the controversies of similar scribblers in our own times. "The weekly papers being exceedingly barren and impertinent, the following catalogue, we hope, will not be unacceptable to every English reader:—The *Daily Courant*, by Socinus Editor, a modern Whig. The *Supplement*, by Jacobus Abellius, a Postscriptor. The *British Apollo*, by a society of gentlemen, consisting of Abennigo Simpleton only. The *General Remark*, by the most learned and laborious Poreus, projector and operator extraordinary. The *Female Tailor*, by Scandolissima Soundrelia. The *General Postscript* (itself), by Novellus Scandalus, an Ubiquitarian. The *London Gazette*, by the Gazetteer. The *Postman*, by M. Hugonotus Politicus Gallo-Anglus, a spiteful Commentator. The *Tailor*, by Scriptor Furiosus, a Court

Intelligencer. The *Rehearsel*, by Agitator Maximus, and Antediluvian. The *Evening Post*, by Composer Fatuus, a Defacer of Languages. The *Whisperer*, by Mrs Jenny Frivolous, a near relation to the Postscriptor. The *City Intelligencer*, by Mr Nibblenews, a Paragraphian."

It was about this time that a new species of publication was started, which, although it would scarcely be regarded as belonging to the family of newspapers now, was held to be so then; and, in fact, for a considerable time after it was commenced, it included articles of news along with its other matter. We allude to those admirable publications, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, &c. which formed the models of so many subsequent publications of the same kind, and in some respects of our own present work. The name of Addison is so intimately associated with the two first works mentioned, that we believe the general impression to be, that he was the original projector as well as the principal writer of them. Such is not the fact. The first number of the *Tatler* was published on the 23d April (new style) 1709—now 125 years ago—by Sir Richard Steele, whilst Addison was absent in Ireland as secretary to the then Lord Lieutenant, and from whom he had kept his intention profoundly secret. Addison, however, discovered the author amongst the very first numbers, by the latter inserting some remark on Virgil which had been suggested by his friend; and they thereafter laboured jointly in the work, Addison's first contribution appearing on the 28th May. The *Tatler* was essentially a newspaper, in as far as it contained articles of foreign intelligence and advertisements, and the only difference between it and the other sheets of news then published, was in its containing original papers of morals and criticism—the latter being, of course, the only portions now preserved. It was—as well as its successors, the *Spectator* and *Guardian*—originally published in a folio half-sheet, foolscap size, and in double columns. There were but two pages in each number, one-fourth whereof was generally occupied by advertisements, and the price was one penny. The essays were at first characterised by a caution, amounting almost to timidity; but as their popularity increased, the writers assumed a bolder and more authoritative tone; and the effect of their effusions in inculcating the minuter decencies and inferior duties of life—in regulating the practice of daily conversation—in correcting those depravities which are rather foolish than criminal—and all this, too, by means of gentle banter and ridicule rather than harsh reproof—was soon widely felt and acknowledged. Steele's strong political prejudices once—and once only—broke out in praise of the Duke of Marlborough, but the impropriety was seen almost as soon as committed, and thenceforward all symptoms of political bias were scrupulously avoided. The *Tatler* was published three times a-week, and reached 271 numbers. The last number appeared on the 2d January 1711, and was succeeded in about two months thereafter (1st March) by the *Spectator*, printed in the same form, and at the same price. It at once took a higher moral position than its predecessor; news and advertisements were discarded, and supplanted by articles of refined criticism. Our readers will perhaps recollect that it was by the influence of a series of elaborate critical articles in this publication, that the public attention was first directed to the immortal *Paradise Lost*. The *Spectator* appeared daily (Sundays excepted), and gained so much on the public favour, that Addison's friend, Tickell, says that the sale frequently amounted to 20,000 copies. This statement, however, is evidently exaggerated. The publisher stated in the tenth number, that the sale had already reached 3000 a-day, and it seems questionable if it ever exceeded that number. Dr Johnson says, "I once heard it observed, that the sale may be calculated by the produce of the tax, related in the last number to produce more than L.20 per week, and therefore stated at L.21, or L.3, 10s. a-day; this, at a halfpenny a paper, will give 1680 for the daily number." Johnson ought to have recollected, however, that this calculation was founded upon the average sale, after the imposition of the halfpenny tax (Aug. 2, 1712) upon all periodical sheets and half-sheets, by which the greater part of those publications were stopped, and the sale of the *Spectator* at once reduced nearly one half. The last untaxed number appeared on the 31st July 1712, and intimation is therein given, that the price would thereafter be twopenny—one additional halfpenny to pay for the stamp, the other to compensate for the reduced circulation. The *Spectator* was the only one that ventured to double its price; and to this crisis in its fate, as well as the publishing world in general, Swift thus humorously alludes in his *Journal to Stella*, as follows (August 7):—"Do you know that all Grub Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it close the last fortnight, and published at least seven papers of my own, besides some of other people's; but now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up and doubles its price: I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks the stamping is worth a halfpenny." The halfpenny tax is conjectured to have been the cause of the *Spectator* being stopped in the beginning of 1713, although Swift sarcastically imputes its cessa-



tion to Addison's having wearied his readers with his endless discussions about the fair sex. Be that as it may, the defunct publication was immediately followed up by the *Guardian*, the first number of which appeared on the 2d March 1713. The title, however, seems to have been of too grave a cast; the work was soon dropped, and was succeeded in October the same year by the *Englishman* (professedly political), which was proceeded in for two years, and was in its turn supplanted by the *Freeholder*, on the 23d December 1715. The latter work was almost solely the production of Addison, who, with the termination of it shortly afterwards, concluded his labours as an essayist.

#### MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.

[The following humorous sketch of the misadventures of an over-susceptible lover is extracted from the *Elgin Annual* for 1833, and forms a sequel to the story, under the same title, which was inserted in our 47th number.]

As I was walking one day up the Strand, arm-in-arm with a friend, we met an excessively handsome young female, with whom my friend was acquainted. "Miss Jackson," said he, making a polite inclination of the head from the young lady to me. "Mr H—," said he, with a very pretty nod towards Miss Jackson. The half minute's conversation we had with the young lady, only served to deepen the impression her charms had made on me at the first glance. My readers know, from what I have told them before I had got this length, the remarkable facility with which I fall in love. A look, a nod, a word spoken, from an engaging female, has a dozen times over "done" for my poor heart. To be brief, I was completely smitten in this case. In parting with Miss Jackson and her mother—I ought to have mentioned before now that, her mamma was with her—I inquired at my friend where they staid. "Newman Street, Oxford Street, but do not recollect the number," was the answer. "Are you in love? Do you mean to call?" he inquired in a half-jocular tone. "That will do; that's very fair," said I, assuming a little pleasantry at his queries. The conversation was dropped.

Nothing further passed that day concerning the adorable Miss Jackson. To my ineffable surprise, I next day received a card from Mrs Jackson, inviting me to form part of a select company who were to drink tea next afternoon at her house. My immediate inference was, that, in the interim, my friend had met with Mrs Jackson, and the conversation turning by accident, or otherwise, on me, he had spoken favourably of me—as I may say, without incurring the imputation of egotism, he had every reason to do—and that the invitation I received was the result. I of course heartily accepted the invitation; drank tea with Mrs Jackson and friends; and spent a most agreeable evening. I sat opposite Miss Jackson on the occasion, and went home in a state of transport.

"I will write her," thought I; "I will propose a meeting for next Friday afternoon (the hour four o'clock precisely), at Hyde Park Corner." The only hesitation I had in doing this was, that as it was dark when I went to and came from her mother's house, I did not observe the number. I concluded, however, that, as I knew the street perfectly, the letter would in all probability find her. I did write her to the effect above hinted at, and a more tender note never emanated from a lover's pen.

The same evening the twopenny postman brought me a neatly-folded letter, the address written in a style of penmanship which seemed to me the *beau ideal* of lady caligraphy. I guessed the writer: she could be none other than Miss Jackson. I looked at the seal before breaking open the letter: it spoke of the nature of the contents. The motto was, "Ever thine." I opened the letter with a heart palpitating from joy. I was not disappointed: the charming creature was most propitious. Nothing, she protested, could afford her greater pleasure than to meet me at the time and place appointed. Of what bliss was the receipt of this letter productive to me! I purchased a new suit of clothes; called in the aid of the periqueur; spent hours at my toilet—have gentlemen toilets?—in preparing for the appointed meeting. Last, though not least, I spent no inconsiderable sum—a greater one, I can assure my readers, than my ways and means warranted—in purchasing certain trinkets from the jewellers, which I intended to present to Miss Jackson.

The long-looked-for hour came at last. I was punctual to the appointed moment. The afternoon was particularly fine; all the *beau monde* of London seemed to be in Hyde Park. Four o'clock struck. I was astonished at the non-appearance of Miss Jackson. I took out my watch, looked at it, was putting it again into my fob, when a tall, stern, Cossack-looking fellow came up to me. "Pray, sir," said he, in a gruff tone, "pray, sir, is that your handwriting?" As he uttered these words, he held a letter before my optics. I looked, as any one in my situation would have done, amazingly stupid. My first glance was directed to the stout-whiskered animal before me; my next to the sheet which he held in his hand. Sure enough it was my letter to Miss Jackson. I at once recognised the vile penmanship—I write a miserable scrawl.

"How the deuce could this booby have come by this letter? There is something mysterious in this business. It cannot be that Miss Jackson has also

I was interrupted in my unpronounced ejaculations by a "Sir, I demand an answer to my question: is that letter (holding it in my face) in your handwriting?"

I have already said it was mine; I could not deny it; besides, I am no disciple of Ferdinand Mentex Pinto. I accordingly muttered out, in a subdued tone, "Yes, sir, it is; and, pray, wherein—"

I was about to inquire what interest he could have in the matter, what possible reason he could have to be offended by it—for it was clear he was offended—when I was cut short by a tremendous application of a whip—drawn out of the whiskered monster's pocket—to my person.

"Sir, sir, what can be the meaning of ——" I essayed to speak, but my poor voice was either drowned in the crackings of the whip, or my assailant heeded it not. Never was human being more unmercifully whipt before. How many lashes I received, is, and will be, a mystery; but this I know, that, but for the interference of some of the more humane of the bystanders, I might and would have received several scores more.

Miss Jackson did not keep to her promise; indeed, after what had occurred, I deemed it fortunate she did not. I went home, fully determined to institute an action against my assailant, so soon as I could ascertain his name and address. This, I knew, I could have no difficulty in doing, as there were so many present. As to witnesses to prove the assault, I had clouds of them, whenever matters were in a sufficiently advanced state to require them.

On my return home, I found the friend who had introduced me to Miss Jackson waiting for me. I mentioned to him what had occurred, and the determination to which I had come to prosecute my unknown assailant. My friend was very inquisitive to know who had thus assaulted me, and what could have prompted the fellow to such a step. I told him again, as I told him before, though he seemed to think I rather wanted the will than the power, that I could give him no information on either head.

"Can you not," said he "can you not, at any rate, give me some description of the personal appearance of your assailant?" I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, let me hear all you can communicate on the subject." I described the brute as well as I could.

"Oh! I know now who it is! It is Mr Jackson!" exclaimed he, after a moment's hesitation.

"Mr Jackson! Impossible! Did you not tell me that Miss Jackson's father was dead, and that she never had a brother?"

"It is another Mr Jackson," said my friend; "one who lives in the same street. Do you not recollect having seen a Mrs Jackson, a beautiful woman, among those present at Miss Jackson's mother's house? Her husband would have been present also, but was out of town that day."

I did recollect having seen a newly-married lady at Mrs Jackson's on the evening in question. I mentioned this to my friend.

"But what possible ground of offence could you have given to her husband?" inquired my friend.

"None in the world that I know of," answered I. "I never before saw the man in my life; his wife I have never seen before or since that evening."

"The matter is certainly involved in much mystery. Did he say nothing when committing the assault that could have led you to infer the cause of his displeasure? Did you not write to his wife?—for if you did, however innocently, a jealous husband would construe an epistle from a man to his wife, into something bad."

"I never in my life penned a syllable to his or any other person's wife; but I will confess to you that I did write Miss Jackson, to whom you introduced me; and from the hasty glance I gave the letter my assailant held in his hand, it is the identical one I addressed to her. How he came by that letter, is to me as mysterious as any of the countless incomprehensibilities in nature."

"What was the nature of your note to Miss Jackson, if it be fair to ask such a question?" said my friend.

"It was written in very general terms. I merely, as I suppose is common in all correspondence between the sexes, professed a fervent, an immutable, an eternal attachment to her; an attachment formed from what I had seen of her on the evening and at the party referred to, and concluded by urgently begging the favour of a meeting with her, next afternoon, at a given hour, at Hyde Park Corner."

"I have it! I have it!" exclaimed my friend, Archimedes-like. "The letter you intended for Miss Jackson has by mistake gone to Mrs Jackson; and no wonder that such an epistle should have kindled suspicions in the husband's breast; no wonder that he chastised you as he did."

The hypothesis struck me as probable, though I could not exactly see how the mis-sending of the letter should have occurred.

"I will go to Mr Jackson's," said my friend, "and learn all the particulars from him."

He departed at that moment: he had not far to go; he returned in an hour afterwards, and informed me his conjecture was quite right, and that he learned from Mr J. the whole details of the awkward business.

The story may be told in a few words. The two Jacksons, as formerly mentioned, resided in the same street. The right house had no brass plate, with the

name inscribed, on the door; the wrong one had. Being ignorant of the number of the right house, I could not of course write it on the back of my letter. The postman, in these circumstances, very naturally delivered the letter at the wrong place. I scrawl a wretched indistinct hand; so that, when the letter arrived, Miss was read Mrs. The latter lady probably wishing to pass, in the estimation of her husband, for a woman of surpassing rectitude, showed him my letter, instead of consigning it, as she ought, to the flames.

"Why, Charlotte, my dear," said the husband, "if ever villain deserved chastisement, this rascal does. You only do as I desire you—and if I don't give it him in style!"

Mrs Jackson, being newly married, expressed her readiness to do any thing her husband desired her. "Augustus," said she, "you know, dear, your will is always a law with me."

"Well," says he, "as Solomon enjoins us to answer a fool according to his folly, you shall answer this villain according to his villany. You will immediately write him, declaring that he made an indelible impression on your heart when you saw him at the party to which he refers, and acquiescing in his proposal for a meeting at Hyde Park Corner."

She did as she was bid. I never having seen Miss Jackson's handwriting, was of course easily deceived. I was in perfect raptures with the supposed success of my proposal for a meeting. The reader is already informed how transitory my joy was. I never saw Miss Jackson after this. I never wished to see her: I could not, after what had occurred, again look her in the face.

It was long before I recovered from the effects of this new shock. I had well nigh determined never again to speak to womankind; but a little reflection served to convince me, that, constituted as society was, that was impossible, unless I turned hermit.

It is the error of a great many, even of those who are considered sensible men, that they run from one extreme to another. This was the next error I committed in love matters. I resolved, as the best way of avoiding the recurrence of such mishaps as I had already encountered, to dispense with all and every thing in the shape of courtship, or love-making, and, by means of an advertisement, get married at once. The idea struck me as a happy one. I resolved to put it into effect without any unnecessary loss of time. Accordingly, taking my pen and paper, I that moment drew up the following advertisement, and caused it to be published in the *Morning Herald*—that journal being then, as I believe it is still, the medium most generally made use of for sending forth such notices to the fair world:—

*Matrimony.*—Circumstances which it is unnecessary here to detail, having prevented the advertiser from mingling much in female society, he takes this opportunity of appealing to the heart, and soliciting the hand, of any young lady who, like himself, possesses a good temper, and a disposition to be happy. If the partiality of private friendship has not exaggerated his personal appearance, he flatters himself that no lady, however fastidious in taste, will be dissatisfied with him on that score. As regards his principles and disposition, he takes on himself to say—though the statement would doubtless come with a better grace from another—that the former are perfectly unexceptionable, and the latter of the most amiable and affectionate kind. In fine, at the risk of being thought egotistical by those who know him not, the advertiser ventures to say, that it is extremely seldom that any young lady desirous of entering the matrimonial state—that state especially appointed by the Deity himself for the happiness of his creatures—has such an opportunity presented her. The strictest confidence may be relied on, on the advertiser's part, and he expects the same confidence on the part of any female making application. It is hoped no male or female will exhibit any impertinent curiosity on the occasion. Address A. B., 23, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street.—No unpaid letters will be received."

At this time I lodged with an old woman, whose house I had entered eight days before. I mentioned to her, on sending the advertisement to the *Herald* office, that I expected early next day several letters, desiring her to receive such as should come, and bring them up stairs. My landlady nodded assent. Just as eleven o'clock forenoon chimed on St Dunstan's, I heard a rap at the door. On my landlady opening it, a thickly-spoken lad inquired if there were any A. B.'s within. "A. B. no; there's no A. B. nor B. C. here," said the old woman somewhat ill-naturally. "Bring the letter to me; bring the letter to me," cried I, popping my head a little bit down stairs. My landlady brought the epistle up. I forgot to apprise her on the previous evening that the letters I expected would be mostly, if not altogether, for a certain reason, addressed A. B. I then repeated my request that all letters so addressed should be brought to me immediately. She had scarcely got down stairs, and shut the outer door, when another knock was heard. It was another A. B. letter, which of course was directly brought up stairs to me. In short, for an hour after, epistles in answer to my advertisement were brought up at the rate of one per minute: in one instance two arrived at once. By the time my landlady had brought me up twelve or fourteen, she evidently began to get surprised and alarmed at the number of A. B. letters; by the time she had delivered the

twentieth—for it will be observed that she had hardly got down stairs when there was some new bearer of an A. B. epistle rapping at the door—by the time, I say, she had delivered the twentieth, the good old woman got fairly out of breath. When she came the length of No. 30, she began to think her best way would be to bring up several at a time, which would of course lessen the frequency of her up-stair journeys. By the time the fortieth epistle arrived, she commenced the system of bringing up six at once. By this time I myself had become dreadfully alarmed. I began to think I had done some excessively foolish action, and that surely all the unmarried ladies in London had of a sudden become correspondents of mine. I grew quite sick of love epistles. I could almost have wished both them and their fair inditers at the antipodes. "Here is too much of a good thing," said I emphatically to myself. While in this agony of uneasiness at the Mont Blanc of letters piled up on the table before me, there was a rather long interim between the last and next epistolary delivery. This gave birth to the fond hope that there would be few if any more letters. Foolish hope!—short-lived delusion! The hope, the delusion, had hardly a moment's existence, when it vanished by the sound of my landlady's footsteps on another journey up stairs. She entered my apartment. "Here, sir," said she, throwing down on the table ten more A. B. letters, "here, sir; and if there come any more A. B.'s, you must come down and fetch them up yourself, or get somebody else to do it for you."

In ten minutes thereafter I went down stairs, and to my ineffable satisfaction found there was only one new arrival. I was never more thankful in my life. I returned to my own apartment, and "sat me down" to examine the contents of the heap of epistles before me; for hitherto they had poured in so fast on me, that it required all my activity to receive them and lay them on the table, instead of reading them. An occasional stray one continued to drop in on me until nine o'clock past meridian. Not one of these late ones, however, was opened by me. I chuckled them into the fire on their receipt, concluding that they could not be the offspring of true, ardent love, as it is always prompt in its motions.

Well, I at length got to the most important part of the business—that of reading the letters, and deciding as to the claims of their respective authors. O how my heart palpitated as I sat down to the task! I commenced. Though the inditers of all professed a boundless attachment to me, there were great differences in the contents of the letters. The first epistle I read augured very ill indeed. The writer made sundry inquiries about my finances, my prospects in life, the rank of my relations, &c., which I assuredly did not like. I tossed her letter at once into the fire. The second epistle unfolded a candidate for matrimonial bliss who spoke a great deal touching the propriety, necessity indeed, of being regularly asked in church before marriage, and of having, in the event of making a bargain, a respectable wedding. "Bargain!" I hated the word. It imported something too sordid for me. The flourish about a respectable wedding I concluded to mean, if translated into plain English, that the fair scribe had a shoal of acquaintances, which I abhor in a wife. The third lady ran to the opposite extreme. She proposed an instantaneous elopement lest her brother should hear of the thing, and by that means prevent the marriage. Elopement! Brother! How the words grated on my ears!

It would be endless, and would, besides, answer no good purpose, to specify the objectionable matter I discovered in every intervening letter until I came to number twenty-four. It was just the thing. Its contents were as much to my mind as if I myself had guided the pen of the lovely writer. Here it is:—

"MY DEAR SIR—Though as yet personally unknown to you, I hope I am justified—I am sure my own feelings justify me—in using the above affectionate epithet. I have read your intimation in the *Herald* of this morning; and never, I assure you, did human composition make such an impression on my mind: it went directly to my heart, from which I know it will never depart. My dearest unknown, but I trust destined husband, believe me when I say that your advertisement has led me to conceive of you as the *beau idéal* of all that a lover or husband should be. Words cannot express my admiration of your generosity and disinterestedness. You speak not, you give not the most distant hint of a love of money. How unlike the infinite majority of those who advertise for wives! But though money seems to be no object with you, I hope it will prove no objection—other matters being to your mind. I have a handsome competency solely at my own disposal; for indeed I have no near relatives in Europe to interfere, either directly or indirectly, with me or mine. My fortune shall be the more readily laid at your feet, that it is moral worth and not sordid pelf of which you are in quest. Of my personal appearance I will not speak, farther than to express a hope that it will not be offensive. My age, not being matter of opinion but fact, I may mention is twenty. I am morally certain, from the spirit that manifestly prompted your advertisement, that our dispositions are similar; and that, as far as human eye can see, our union, if it be effected, which I hope and pray it will, will prove one of unusual happiness to both. May I, my dear sir, have the felicity of an interview? If vouchsafed to

me, be so kind as to write me immediately, when I will appoint such time and place for our meeting as will be most likely to secure us against the intrusion of any third party.—Waiting with breathless anxiety your answer, I remain, my dear sir, yours most affectionately, C. D.

"P. S.—Please direct C. D., 27, Paul's Street, Tottenham Court Road."

I was—who in my situation would not have been?—in raptures with this letter. It was just the thing: there was intellect in it: there was judgment in it: there was affection in it.

Shall I open and peruse any more of the mountain of epistles lying before me in beautiful chaos? I asked myself this question. I hesitated a moment as to whether I ought to open more of the A. B. letters or not. My determination was, after a few moments' consideration, to read no more. Into the grate, therefore, I chucked the whole lot; and what a sublime and brilliant blaze they made!

In answer to Miss C. D., I wrote a most affectionate and sentimental letter. It is too long, and withal of too tender and delicate a nature, to be inserted here. It will suffice the reader to be informed, that I assured her, that of all the numerous candidates who had made application to me in consequence of my advertisement, there was none but herself who came up to my conceptions of what a wife ought to be. I protested that the beauty and inestimable worth of her mind were established in her letter, beyond the power of mortal to controvert, and that nothing was so desirable to me as an early interview.

It is incredible how soon I received an answer. And how propitious! Miss C. D. fully responded to all I had said touching the peril of delays. She burned with an impatience to see me, which she declared must be greater than mine for an interview with her. In short, she forthwith appointed a meeting; the place—a house she described in a lane off Holborn: the time—that evening at five o'clock precisely.

What could be more satisfactory! What more soul-exhilarating than this! The appointed hour for the interview approached. Properly brushed up for the occasion, I went to No. 33, — Lane, Holborn. Tremulously—for in all such cases, I suppose persons feel a certain degree of tremour—tremulously I lifted and let fall the knocker of the door. A very polite maid, as I had been made to expect, opened the door in an instant. "Is Miss Young within?" inquired I. "Yes, sir; walk up stairs if you please," said the "she domestic" smotheringly. The damsel, with all apparent respect, conducted me up one pair of stairs, and then showed me into an elegantly furnished apartment. "Miss Young will be here presently, sir," said the maid, as she held the door in her hand when quitting the room. She disappeared. The door was shut: I was left alone. That was an epoch in my history. The intensity of my anxiety to see my future partner in life, made my pedestals quiver beneath me; my whole frame shook. In about half a minute I heard footsteps approaching. In a second more, the handle of the door was lifted. I sprang to the door, and ere it was well opened, seized in my arms, and most cordially embraced, the lady who was making her appearance. In the warmth and fervency with which I embraced Miss Young, my future wife, I actually lifted her off her feet, and carried her several yards towards the centre of the apartment. She at first uttered a wild shriek, and then set up, as loudly as her lungs, which were certainly of the Stentorian cast, would permit, a frightful yell of "Murder! Murder!"

"My dear Miss C. D.," said I, "I am A. B.; don't be alarmed." The only answer she made was a bound towards the poker, which she seized and hurled at my head with tremendous force. That the article did not come in terrible contact with my cranium, was more a matter of miracle than any thing else. I was so overwhelmed with astonishment at this singular circumstance, that I stood for some moments in the centre of the floor as motionless as the dome of St Paul's. While thus standing a perfect personification of stupefaction, in rushed, "like a torrent down upon the vale," half a dozen young fellows, exclaiming in discordant chorus, "What's the matter! What's the matter! What's the matter!" These harsh sounds, belloyed out by the idiots, were answered by the exclamation, that I had committed a gross assault as well as insult. "Take him into custody! Take him into custody!" shouted one and all of the six ruffian intruders. I declared most vehemently my innocence; and that nothing in the world could have been farther from my intention than the perpetration of any insult or crime.

"What, then, brought you here? and what was the cause of the assault on this lady?" interrogated one of the notable blockheads.

I was silent, and looked, I have been since informed, remarkably stupid.

"Come, sir, answer, otherwise we hand you over to the authorities," said one Old Bailey-looking idiot. "Sir—Gentlemen—Sir—Gentlemen," I was stammering out, not having the most distant conception of what I was going to say, when, observing that the door was fortunately open, I bolted out of the apartment, rushed down stairs, and, getting to the street, bounded away with a rapidity to which the heels of few men would be equal.

I got home, packed up my things, cleared scores with my landlady, and ere a couple of hours procured

new lodgings. I was afraid of farther annoyances if I vegetated any longer at No. 23, Fetter Lane.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings at the issue of this adventure. During the whole of that night I was in the dark as to the business. Next day I made inquiries indirectly as to the mysterious affair, when I learned that the half dozen scoundrels who rushed into the room, had, on seeing my advertisement in the *Herald*, entered into a conspiracy together to hoax the "wight," as they had the audacity to call me; that one of the six who had a sister—a lady, I suppose, she would call herself—as unprincipled as himself, got her to write to his dictation.

I will advertise no more. I have made up my mind to retire to some secluded spot, some "boundless continuity of shade," if it can be had, where I will never more, or at least but seldom, see unmarried women. I am now convinced that all and every attempt at forming a matrimonial alliance would issue so unfortunately as to hold me up anew to the ridicule of the world; so convinced, I say, am I now of this, that all the logic in the world would not expel the persuasion from my mind.

#### GEOGRAPHY OF PLANTS.\*

THE plants and animals which flourish and thrive in countries remote from each other, offer to the eye of the traveller a series of pictures, which, even to an ignorant and unreflecting spectator, is full of a peculiar and fascinating interest, in consequence of the novelty and strangeness of the successive scenes.

Those who describe the countries between the tropics, speak with admiration of the luxuriant profusion and rich variety of the vegetable productions of those regions. Vegetable life seems there far more vigorous and active, the circumstances under which it goes on far more favourable, than in our latitudes. Now, if we conceive an inhabitant of those regions, knowing, from the circumstances of the earth's form and motion, the difference of climates which must prevail upon it, to guess, from what he saw about him, the condition of other parts of the globe as to vegetable wealth, is it not likely that he would suppose that the extratropical climates must be almost devoid of plants? We know that the ancients, living in the temperate zone, came to the conclusion that both the torrid and the frigid zones must be uninhabitable. In like manner, the equatorial reasoner would probably conceive that vegetation must cease, or gradually die away, as he should proceed to places farther and farther removed from the genial influence of the sun. The mean temperature of his year being about 80 degrees, he would hardly suppose that any plants could subsist through a year, where the mean temperature was only 50, where the temperature of the summer quarter was only 64, and where the mean temperature of a whole quarter of the year was a very few degrees removed from that at which water becomes solid. He would suppose that scarcely any tree, shrub, or flower, could exist in such a state of things, and so far as the plants of his own country are concerned, he would judge rightly.

But the countries farther removed from the equator are not left thus unprovided. Instead of being scantily occupied by such of the tropical plants as could support a stunted and precarious life in ungenial climes, they are abundantly stocked with a multitude of vegetables, which appear to be constructed expressly for them, inasmuch as these species can no more flourish at the equator than the equatorial species can in these temperate regions. And such new supplies, thus adapted to new conditions, recur perpetually as we advance towards the apparently frozen and untenable regions in the neighbourhood of the pole. Every zone has its peculiar vegetables; and while we miss some, we find others make their appearance, as if to replace those which are absent.

If we look at the indigenous plants of Asia and Europe, we find such a succession as we have here spoken of. At the equator we find the natives of the Spice Islands, the clove and nutmeg trees, pepper and mace. Cinnamon bushes clothe the surface of Ceylon; the odoriferous sandal wood, the ebony tree, the teak tree, the banyan, grow in the East Indies. In the same latitudes in Arabia the Happy, we find balm, frankincense, and myrrh, the coffee tree, and the tamarind. But in these countries, at least in the plains, the trees and shrubs which decorate our more northerly climes are wanting. And as we go northwards, at every step we change the vegetable group, both by addition and by subtraction. In the thickets to the west of the Caspian Sea, we have the apricot, citron, peach, walnut. In the same latitude in Spain, Sicily, and Italy, we find the dwarf palm, the cypress, the chestnut, the cork tree: the orange and lemon tree perfume the air with their blossoms; the myrtle

\* From the *Bridgewater Treatise of Astronomy and General Physics*, by the Rev. William Whewell, M. A.



and pomegranate grow wild among the rocks. We cross the Alps, and we find the vegetation which belongs to northern Europe, of which England affords an instance. The oak, the beech, and the elm, are natives of Great Britain; the elm tree seen in Scotland, and in the north of England, is the wych elm. As we travel still farther to the north, the forests again change their character. In the northern provinces of the Russian empire, are found forests of the various species of firs—the Scotch and spruce fir, and the larch. In the Orkney Islands no tree is found but the hazel, which occurs again on the northern shores of the Baltic. As we proceed into colder regions, we still find species which appear to have been made for these situations. The hoary or cold alder makes its appearance north of Stockholm; the sycamore and mountain ash accompany us to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia; and as we leave this, and traverse the Dophrian range, we pass in succession the boundary lines of the spruce fir, the Scotch fir, and those minute shrubs which botanists distinguish as the dwarf birch and dwarf willow. Here, near to or within the arctic circle, we yet find wild flowers of great beauty—the mezerium, the yellow and white water lily, and the European globe flower. And when these fail us, the rein-deer moss still makes the country habitable for animals and man.

We have thus a variety in the laws of vegetable organization remarkably adapted to the variety of climates; and by this adaptation the globe is clothed with vegetation and peopled with animals from pole to pole; while without such an adaptation, vegetable and animal life must have been confined almost or entirely to some narrow zone on the earth's surface. We conceive that we see here the evidence of a wise and benevolent intention, overcoming the varying difficulties, or employing the varying resources of the elements, with an inexhaustible fertility of contrivance, a constant tendency to diffuse life and well-being.

One of the great uses to which the vegetable wealth of the earth is applied, is the support of man, whom it provides with food and clothing; and the adaptation of tribes of indigenous vegetables to every climate has, we cannot but believe, a reference to the intention that the human race should be diffused over the whole globe. But this end is not answered by indigenous vegetables alone; and in the variety of vegetables capable of being cultivated with advantage in various countries, we conceive that we find evidence of an additional adaptation of the scheme of organic life to the system of the elements.

The cultivated vegetables, which form the necessities or luxuries of human life, are each confined within limits narrow when compared with the whole surface of the earth; yet almost every part of the earth's surface is capable of being abundantly covered with one kind or other of these. When one class fails, another appears in its place. Thus, corn, wine, and oil, have each its boundaries. Wheat extends through the Old Continent, from England to Thibet; but it stops soon in going northwards, and is not found to succeed in some districts of Scotland. Nor does it thrive better in the torrid zone than in the polar regions: within the tropics, wheat, barley, and oats, are not cultivated, excepting in situations considerably above the level of the sea; the inhabitants of those countries have other species of grain, or other food. The cultivation of the vine succeeds only in countries where the annual temperature is between 50 and 63 degrees. In both hemispheres, the profitable culture of this plant ceases within 30 degrees of the equator, unless in elevated situations, or in islands, as Teneriffe. The limits of the cultivation of maize and of olives in France are parallel to those which bound the vine and corn in succession to the north. In the north of Italy, west of Milan, we first meet with the cultivation of rice, which extends over all the southern part of Asia, wherever the land can be at pleasure covered with water. In great part of Africa, millet is one of the principal kinds of grain.

Cotton is cultivated to latitude 40 in the new world, but extends to Astrachan in latitude 46 in the old. The sugar cane, the plantain, the mulberry, the betel nut, the indigo tree, the tea tree, repay the labours of the cultivator in India and China; and several of these plants have been transferred, with success, to America and the West Indies. In equinoctial America, a great number of inhabitants find abundant nourishment on a narrow space cultivated with plantain, cassava yams, and maize. The cultivation of the bread-fruit tree begins in the Manillas, and extends through the Pacific; the sago palm is grown in the Moluccas, the cabbage tree in the Pelew Islands.

In this manner the various tribes of men are provided with vegetable food. Some, however, live on their cattle, and thus make the produce of the earth only mediately subservient to their wants. Thus the Tartar tribes depend on their flocks and herds for food; the taste for the flesh of the horse seems to belong to the Mongols, Fins, and other descendants of the ancient Scythians; the locust-eaters are found now, as formerly, in Africa.

Many of these differences depend upon custom, soil, and other causes, with which we do not here meddle; but many are connected with climate: and the variety of the resources which man thus possesses, arises from the variety of constitution belonging to cultivable vegetables, through which one is fitted to one range of climate, and another to another. We conceive that this variety and succession of fitness for cultivation

shows undoubted marks of a most foreseeing and benevolent design in the Creator of man and of the world.

By differences in vegetables of the kind we have above described, the sustentation and gratification of man's physical nature is copiously provided for. But there is another circumstance, a result of the difference of the native products of different regions, and therefore a consequence of that difference of climate on which the difference of native products depends,\* which appears to be worthy our notice. The difference of the productions of different countries has a bearing not only upon the physical, but upon the social and moral condition of man.

The intercourse of nations in the way of discovery, colonisation, commerce, the study of the natural history, manners, institutions, of foreign countries, lead to most numerous and important results. Without dwelling upon this subject, it will probably be allowed that such intercourse has a great influence upon the comforts, the prosperity, the arts, the literature, the power, of the nations which thus communicate. Now, the variety of the productions of different lands supplies both the stimulus to this intercourse, and the instruments by which it produces its effects. The desire to possess the objects or the knowledge which foreign countries alone can supply, urges the trader, the traveller, the discoverer, to compass land and sea; and the progress of the arts and advantages of civilisation consists almost entirely in the cultivation, the use, the improvement, of that which has been received from other countries.

This is the case to a much greater extent than might at first sight be supposed. Where man is active as a cultivator, he scarcely ever bestows much of his care on those vegetables which the land would produce in a state of nature. He does not select some of the plants of the soil, and improve them by careful culture, but, for the most part, he expels the native possessors of the land, and introduces colonies of strangers.

Thus, to take the condition of our own part of the globe as an example, scarcely one of the plants which occupy our fields and gardens is indigenous to the country. The walnut and the peach come to us from Persia; the apricot from Armenia: from Asia Minor and Syria we have the cherry tree, the fig, the pear, the pomegranate, the olive, the plum, and the mulberry. The vine which is now cultivated is not a native of Europe; it is found wild on the shores of the Caspian, in Armenia, and Caramania. The most useful species of plants, the cereal vegetables, are certainly strangers, though their birth-place seems to be an impenetrable secret. Some have fancied that barley is found wild on the banks of the Semara, in Tartary; rye in Crete; wheat at Baschkiroos, in Asia: but this is held by the best botanists to be very doubtful. The potato, which has been so widely diffused over the world in modern times, and has added so much to the resources of life in many countries, has been found equally difficult to trace back to its wild condition.

Thus widely are spread the traces of the connection of the progress of civilisation with national intercourse. In our own country a higher state of the arts of life is marked by a more ready and extensive adoption of foreign productions. Our fields are covered with herbs from Holland, and roots from Germany; with Flemish farming and Swedish turnips; our hills with forests of the firs of Norway. The chestnut and poplar of the south of Europe adorn our lawns, and below them flourish shrubs and flowers from every clime in profusion. In the meantime, Arabia improves our horses, China our pigs, North America our poultry, Spain our sheep, and almost every country sends its dog. The products which are ingredients in our luxuries, and which we cannot naturalise at home, we raise in our colonies; the cotton, coffee, sugar of the east, are thus transplanted to the farthest west; and man lives in the middle of a rich and varied abundance, which depends on the facility with which plants, and animals, and modes of culture, can be transferred into lands far removed from those in which nature had placed them. And this plenty and variety of material comforts is the companion and the mark of advantages and improvements in social life, of progress in art and science, of activity of thought, of energy of purpose, and of ascendancy of character.

The differences in the productions of different countries which lead to the habitual intercourse of nations, and through this to the benefits which we have thus briefly noticed, do not all depend upon the differences of temperature and climate alone. But these differences are among the causes, and are some of the most important causes, or conditions, of the variety of products; and thus that arrangement of the earth's form and motion from which the different climates of different places arise, is connected with the social and moral welfare and advancement of man.

We conceive that this connection, though there must be to our apprehension much that is indefinite and uncertain in tracing its details, is yet a point where we may perceive the profound and comprehensive relations established by the counsel and foresight of a wise and good Creator of the world and of man, by whom the progress and elevation of the human species was neither un contemplated nor uncared for.

We have traced, in the variety of organised beings, an adaptation to the variety of climates, a provision

\* It will be observed, that it is not here asserted that the difference of native products depends on the difference of climate alone.

for the sustentation of man all over the globe, and an instrument for the promotion of civilisation and many attendant benefits. We have not considered this variety as itself a purpose which we can perceive or understand without reference to some ulterior end. Many persons, however, and especially those who are already in the habit of referring the world to its Creator, will probably see something admirable in itself in this vast variety of created things. There is indeed something well fitted to produce and confirm a reverential wonder, in these apparently inexhaustible stores of new forms of being and modes of existence; the fixity of the laws of each class, its distinctness from all others, its relations to many. Structures and habits and characters are exhibited, which are connected and distinguished according to every conceivable degree of subordination and analogy, in their resemblances and in their differences. Every new country we explore presents us with new combinations, where the possible cases seemed to be exhausted; and with new resemblances and differences constructed as if to elude what conjecture might have hit upon, by proceeding from the old ones. Most of those who have any large portion of nature brought under their notice in this point of view, are led to feel that there is in such a creation, a harmony, a beauty, and a dignity, of which the impression is irresistible; which would have been wanting in any more uniform and limited system such as we might try to imagine; and which of itself gives to the arrangements by which such a variety on the earth's surface is produced, the character of well-devised means to a worthy end.

#### ARCHIE TRUMBULL.

ONE bleak winter day, Archie Trumbull collected his flock into the lee of the Law Planting, and remained beside them, to see that they did not run to covert, but got some food, which they had much need of. The weather had been boisterous for some days, and they had been mostly confined to their folds, where, pressed together, and seeking only shelter from the tempest, they had well nigh perished from hunger. Though the fall of snow had ceased, and the atmosphere was now comparatively quiet, the cold had become more severe; and as Archie stood up to midleg among the snow, the frost first hardened his shoes till they became like iron, and he could not move the joints of his toes in them, and by and by it seized his feet also, to such a degree that sensation was banished, and there succeeded an odd feeling, as if he had no feet at all, but stood upon his stumps. When he moved from his place, he staggered about, like a person who attempts to stand still upon stilts, and on these occasions could not help glancing downward, to satisfy himself that he had not actually suffered decrepitation. The top of the stone fence which surrounded the plantation was clear of snow along the edge, and he clambered up to it, hoping that his limbs might recover their wonted vigour by being again exposed to the free circulation of the air. The trees of this plantation had attained precisely the height of the surrounding fence, and in the recent snow-storm not only had each individual tree been invested with a covering of its own, but a glittering sheet had been smoothed over the whole; not a twig nor an opening was visible, and one unacquainted with the place would have supposed that all within the enclosure was a solid pile of snow from the bottom.

Archie had his plaid wrapt tight round his body, and skewered with a wooden pin, to prevent the wind from disarranging it. This manner of fastening it did not impede him in walking, but confined his arms so much that he could do almost nothing else. In this state, cramped and cold, he stood the whole fore part of the day. When noon approached, the sun, which now got through the clouds for the first time after some days of unpierced gloom, shone out, and seemed determined to make amends for the long obscurity, by the brilliancy with which it cast its beams down upon the cold white wide expanse of snow. The frozen limbs of the shepherd began to be released from their rigidity, and he walked backward and forward upon the ledge to which he had climbed. Numberless small ice-beads hung by the nap of his plaid, and glittered in the sun. The brightness of these attracted his attention; and as he moved, they were shaken into contact with each other, and tinkled with a low, but distinct sound. "They ring," said he to himself, almost unconsciously, "for all the world like fairy bells." No sooner had he repeated these words, than he recollected, with a feeling of awe, the unadvisedness of mentioning the name of wayward beings like the fairies, who sometimes do not care to be spoken of, in a place which they haunt. At this moment he thought he perceived, from the tail of his eye, some substance at the distance of a few yards upon the snow. Turning his head rather quickly to ascertain what it was, he threw himself off the balance, and not having his hands free to make the exertion necessary to recover himself, fell into the inner side of the fence, through the covering of snow strewn over the branches, and came to the ground on his back, wedged between the stem of a tree and the wall. A wild scream of delight reached his ears as he fell, and at the same time a heap of snow was hurled upon his face and breast.

Of course he was at no loss to understand what was the occasion of this disaster—he had been overset by the fairies, who had uttered a shout of triumph at his downfall, and were now peppering him, malicious imps that they were, with millions of such diminutive snowballs as fairies cast. The only question was, how he was to release himself. He made an attempt to rise; but, being closely fixed between the tree and the wall, and unable to use his hands, he only worked himself more firmly into thralldom. The more he struggled, too, the faster the fairy snowballs poured in, and in a short time they were heaped upon him to such a depth, that mouth, nostrils, and eyes alike, were stopped, and he expected nothing but that he must expire from suffocation.

As for crossing himself, the remedy so often resorted to by persons who are overpowered by enchantment, that was a thing he could not do; for, in the first place, Archie was a good Presbyterian, and, secondly, his hands were under restraint. He had nothing to trust to, therefore, but his own bodily powers, so far as he retained the use of them; and being convinced of this, and that there was no time to lose, he collected his whole energy, and made a desperate spring, which placed him upon his feet and on the outside of the wall nearly in the same instant. Neither did he make any pause there, but set off towards home as if the evil one had been at his heels, which in fact he believed to be the case.

The snow being very deep and cumbersome to a runner, and his body, moreover, swaddled in his plaid, he floundered every three or four steps, and rolled heels over head; but he never stopped for this: trundling always upon his legs again, he pursued his flight with unabated ardour. Archie's dog, seeing his master in such a terrible panic, and persuaded that there must be some secret enemy which he should presently come up with, followed at full speed, barking furiously. Whenever his master fell, the dog, imagining he wanted to pounce upon something, made a desperate onset, worrying among the snow, and every now and then howling dismally as he bumped against the hard frozen clods. All this added to Archie's terror, for he conceived that even the dumb animal was under the influence of the same supernatural fear as himself, and he pressed onward, not only "for the dear life," as he said afterwards, but to save himself from a fate ten times more dreadful than death.

When he reached home, his strength was altogether gone, and he might have been pinioned with a straw. His wife stripped off his plaid, demanding eagerly all the while what was the matter, but receiving no answer. When she came to take off his blue bonnet, she found it to be nearly impracticable, for his hair stood on end with such intensity, that it had pricked into the cloth, and so interwoven itself with the texture, that the whole might very well have been taken for the natural produce of the head it covered; at least so said the honest woman herself, and she appealed for the truth of her testimony to her previous character for veracity: "Whatfor should she lie now," she asked, "that never sklentit [spoke aside from the truth] in her life?" and indeed the fact of the bonnet not having been lost in the flight, cannot well be accounted for, except by supposing her statement to be in some measure correct.

Two neighbours witnessed the whole of Archie's proceedings from an adjacent height. They first saw him dive into the plantation, and then emerge; and, last of all, they watched, with the greatest surprise, his headlong race homeward. They were certain that the whole affair must spring from causes beyond the ordinary course of things; and, being two in company, besides that they had broad daylight in their favour, they were bold, and resolved to investigate the matter fully.

They took the road towards the plantation therefore, and searched it round and round, without discovering any living thing near, save the sheep, which were just settling to their food again, after having been scared by their keeper's escape through the midst of them. Conquering the misgivings of which they could not wholly divest themselves, they next peeped, first the one and then the other, over the fence into the "dread profound" through which their neighbour had disappeared. All that they could discern was a weasel, which he had apparently crushed to death by his fall; and they now directed their steps towards Archie's cottage, in hopes that he would himself explain a matter so fraught with mystery. They found the path marked by a broad and deep furrow in the snow, broader at intervals in those parts where Archie had rolled instead of running. They arrived just in time to assist the poor man's wife in putting him to bed. He had not uttered a syllable since his entrance, nor stirred a finger, though he still breathed, or rather suffered long sighs to escape. His eyes were fixed in his head, or, if they moved, seemed to roll about by their own weight, and not to be turned for the purpose of vision. His heart, which had a short time since pattered against his breast as fast as the spokes of a child's windmill in a brisk breeze, now thumped heavily and slowly, as if striking its last throbs.

The sufferer remained in a state of stupor, without speaking a word, for a year and a day. On the morning after that, he dressed himself, and wanted to go abroad after his usual employment. Nothing could persuade him but that he had fallen asleep overnight, and awaked again in the morning. It so happened,

however, that at the time of his recovery there was no snow upon the ground; and when he went out of doors, this circumstance somewhat perplexed him. He had never in his life, he declared, known a thaw so sudden and so complete; in the evening the snow was knee-deep, and at morning there was not a speck of white to be seen; and what was stranger of all, the streams were not in flood, which they must have been if a thaw had taken place. He confessed too that his children had grown astonishingly tall during a single night, and they treated him like a stranger, being quite shy, and refusing to approach or speak to him; at every step fresh changes met his eye and confounded him; and at last, when the person who had taken the charge of his flock made his appearance, he was obliged to confess that there must be some truth in what was told him, and that he had remained in a lethargy for a season.

Every circumstance previous to his reaching home was fresh in his memory, however, and he was now able to tell his own story, which he did very much as it has been here related. The only addition he made was, that he had been pursued by the enemy of mankind in person, who constantly clutched at and pushed him down. He had not the least doubt but that his pursuer would have succeeded in making a prey of him, if it had not been for his faithful dog Gather, who, when things were in the last extremity, had uniformly attacked and discomfited that dreadful adversary. As often as Archie told this story, he patted the dog's head, and promised never to part with him; and that sagacious animal, far from showing any symptoms of dissatisfaction arising from a consciousness that the credit of such services was erroneously assigned to him, was highly gratified by the caresses, and always took care to be at hand at the proper time for receiving the same.

Some incredulous people endeavoured to explain away the whole mystery, by supposing that the scream which frightened Archie so much proceeded from the weasel which his two neighbours saw lying crushed to death in the place where he fell, and that the fairy snowballs with which he was pelted were nothing else but particles of snow shaken down from the branches of the tree by the exertions he made to extricate himself from between it and the wall. But these surmises met with no countenance: "It was impossible," people said, "that the scream of a weasel could discompose one who had heard weasels scream a hundred times before; and why should the tree have flung down snow on the man, when he wanted to rise and not when he lay quiet?—It was clearly the work of spirits having a malicious design against him." This reasoning silenced the cavillers, either because they were convinced by it, or that they thought it prudent not to gainsay it. As for Archie Trumbull, he lived to a good old age, but was never known to smile after the event above recorded.

[We present this little story, as a remarkable anecdote of the effect of superstitious terror. In general, we are scrupulous to exclude all reference to superstition, from a dread that we might thereby help to keep alive what all reflecting persons must wish to see perish; but the present tale is not only able and characteristically written, like every other production of its lamented author, but throws so much ridicule upon those who are still inclined to seek an explanation of every natural event in mystery, that we have for once thought fit to throw aside our usual rule.]

## HISTORICAL FAMILIES.

HOWARD.

"ALL the noble blood of all the Howards" is derived from a Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Edward I.—William Howard by name—who acquired large possessions in the north-west parts of the county of Norfolk, but of whose origin nothing certain is known. A race of knights, proceeding from this dignified personage, were in high employment under Edward II. and III. and their immediate successors, and appear to have had a singular good fortune in increasing the fortunes of the family by marriage and otherwise. Sir Robert, fifth in descent from the chief justice, married the eldest daughter of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, by whom the inheritance of that great family came into the Howards. The son of this marriage was Sir John Howard, a distinguished partisan of the house of York, and who served Edward IV. in many great employments, especially in France, though it appears from the narrative of Philip de Comines, that he was not proof against bribery. Created Lord Howard about 1470, and Duke of Norfolk in 1463, by King Richard III., after the extinction of that title in the Mowbrays, he was a steady adherent of this monarch, at whose coronation he acted as Lord High Steward. The prominence of the Duke of Norfolk in Shakespeare's tragedy of Richard III., will be recollected by every reader. When about to set forward with Richard to meet the Duke of

Richmond, he had the following warning set on his gate:—

Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

He nevertheless accompanied his royal master to Bosworth, where he fell (August 22, 1485) in the heat of the battle. The victor, though he only now became king (under the title of Henry VII.), thought fit to attain the deceased duke, and his son, the Earl of Surry, the latter of whom had also fought for the reigning sovereign. Surry, however, after upwards of three years' confinement in the Tower, was restored to his title and part of his estates by Henry VII., whom he served faithfully and well throughout the remainder of his reign. He was chiefly entrusted with the management of the marriage between James IV. of Scotland and the Princess Margaret, Henry's daughter, whom he had the honour, in August 1503, to conduct to Edinburgh, with a magnificent train of knights. As Lord Treasurer and Earl Marshal of England, he served the king on many other important occasions, particularly in concluding treaties with foreign states. The Earl of Surry commanded the English forces at the battle of Flodden, September 9, 1513, where James IV. of Scotland was slain and his army defeated; and for this important service, his lordship was restored by Henry VIII. to the dukedom lost by his father, while his son, who had distinguished himself in the conflict, succeeded as a peer to the earldom of Surry. The king also granted permission to the Duke of Norfolk to bear the Scottish lion on his shield, with its mouth pierced by an arrow; a memorial of the blow he had struck at that country. Waxing old, the duke resigned his treasurer's staff into the hands of the king at Richmond, Dec. 4, 1522; and Henry, after receiving it with reluctance, and saying he would deliver it where it would be best bestowed, called in the Earl of Surry, then playing at bowls on the green, on whom he conferred the vacant office. The duke died in 1524.

Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, distinguished himself in the wars against the Scotch and Irish. In the capacity of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, during his father's lifetime, he was a scourge to the natives, who fled before him on all hands, but, as an old peerage-writer very characteristically remarks, "he gained the love of all the civil people of that country." In 1523, he conducted a powerful expedition into the Scottish border, and burnt the town of Jedburgh, which he describes as being then a large town, probably to enhance the merit of the transaction in the eyes of his master. He was a main instrument in the downfall of Wolsey, whom he forced into retirement, with a threat that he would otherwise tear him with his teeth. Till nearly the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, he acted a conspicuous part in all public transactions. His son, Henry Earl of Surry, born in 1516, at the same time laid the foundation of a high literary fame, being by far the most elegant poet, and perhaps the most refined and accomplished gentleman, of his time. "It is indeed delightful," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "to contemplate the character of Lord Surry. Excellent in arts and in arms; a man of learning, a genius, and a hero; of a generous temper, and a refined heart, he united all the gallantry and unbroken spirit of a rude age, with all the graces of a polished era. With a splendour of descent, in possession of the highest honours and abundant wealth, he relaxed not his efforts to deserve distinction by his personal worth. Conspicuous in the rough exercises of tilt and tournament, and commanding armies with skill and bravery in expeditions against the Scots under his father, he found time, at a period when our literature was rude and barbarous, to cultivate his mind with all the exquisite spirit of the models of Greece and Rome; to watch the excellence of the revived muses of Italy, and to produce in his own language, compositions, which, in simplicity, perspicuity, graceful ornament, and just and natural thoughts, exhibited a shining contrast with the works of his predecessors, and an example which his successors long attempted in vain to imitate." The songs and sonnets of the Earl of Surry have been often printed, and are to be found in every collection of the British Poets. This accomplished person, falling under the jealousy of the veteran tyrant Henry VIII., was tried for high treason, and, upon the most ridiculous pretences, condemned, and executed, in 1547. A more conspicuous instance of the noble and the beautiful trampled and destroyed by brute matter, has never occurred. The duke himself was only saved from the same fate by the accident of the tyrant dying before the day of his intended execution. He was not released, however, till the beginning of the reign of Queen Mary, in 1553. He died in the ensuing year, aged above eighty, and was succeeded by his grandson, Thomas.

The Norfolk family had now for three generations been among the greatest and most wealthy in the kingdom, while its various representatives had been characterised by an uncommon degree of vigour of character and political and military talent. Several of the younger branches of the family were in the course of acquiring peerages for themselves; and the main title was the first under the crown. Thomas, the fourth duke, eldest son of the poetical Earl of Surry, was

\* Pinel, in his work on Insanity, mentions a lady who had been mad for twenty-seven years, that on recovery felt as if awaked from a dream, and having asked after her two little children whom she had had before her illness, could not conceive that they should have been married for several years.



eighteen years of age at his accession to the peerage in 1554. He became a favourite courtier of Queen Elizabeth, whose forces he commanded at the siege of Leith in 1560; and, in 1568, when Mary Queen of Scots, then a prisoner in England, agreed to submit to an investigation of her conduct by the English queen, he was one of three who were appointed to conduct the proceedings. He was at this time the most popular man in England, and, being a widower, he conceived the ambitious design of marrying the Scottish queen, and enforcing her pretensions to the throne of his own country. For this purpose he commenced a series of intrigues with the Scottish Regent, Moray, and with Mary herself, who had no objection to the scheme, as it promised her at least a relief from captivity. What is somewhat curious, Mary and the duke, though very young, had each been thrice married before. Elizabeth gave him fair warning of the consequences of his imprudence, and, upon the information of the regent, took him into custody, October 1569. Being released next year, on a promise to offend no more, he was so infatuated as soon after to renew his correspondence with Mary, whose beauty and pretensions were no less fatal to others than to herself. Elizabeth could now no longer overlook an offence so dangerous to the stability of her throne. The duke, once more seized, was tried, January 16, 1572, and sentenced to die the death of a traitor. The queen delayed execution of the sentence for several months, and it would be doing her great injustice to suppose that she willingly consented to put to death a nobleman in every other respect so estimable, and who was so much beloved by her subjects. At length she permitted the blow to fall. The duke was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 2d of June, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

In consequence of this event, the title of Norfolk was lost to the family for nearly a century. The duke's eldest son, Philip, became Earl of Arundel, by virtue of his simply inheriting Arundel Castle from his mother. Another son became afterwards Earl of Suffolk, and figured as Lord Chamberlain in the reign of James I.; a third was the ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle. The family was, soon after the duke's death, restored in blood; and the vast estates do not appear to have been diminished by that unfortunate event.

Philip, Earl of Arundel, though treated with various marks of favour by Elizabeth, being zealously attached to the Catholic doctrines, intrigued with several of her foreign enemies, and at the time when the Spanish armada was expected to approach the coast, he was seized and thrown into the Tower. He partly owed this misfortune to Queen Mary, with whom he was suspected to have corresponded, and whose own end was hurried by the dread of the Spanish fleet. "Alas," said the captive princess, when, undergoing trial herself, she heard of the earl's imprisonment, "how much has the noble blood of Howard suffered for my sake!" The earl, being found guilty of professing popery, was condemned to be beheaded; but Elizabeth withheld the stroke of the executioner, and he died in the Tower in 1595, after upwards of ten years' confinement. His son, Thomas, born during his imprisonment, and attainted in blood on account of the father's crime, but restored by James I. from a principle of gratitude, employed himself, during a considerable part of his life, in collecting works of art in Italy. He was the first nobleman in England who manifested a taste of this kind; and it is allowed that his collections—the famous Arundel Marbles—were of great value. He does not appear, however, to have had any share of the showy *insouciant* character which is generally expected in an amateur of the fine arts. He was called, in boyhood, by the title of the "Winter Pear," originally fixed upon him by the Earl of Essex; and in more mature life, he exhibited a peculiar gravity and plainness of manners, which contrasted strongly with the gay court of Charles I., in which he occasionally mingled. "He was tall of stature," says Sir Edward Walker, "and of shape and proportion rather goodly than neat; his countenance was majestic and grave; his visage long; his eyes black and piercing; he had a hooked nose, and some warts or moles on his cheeks; his countenance was brown; his hair thin, both on his head and beard; he was of a stately presence and gait, so that any man who saw him, though in never so ordinary habit, could not but conclude him to be a great person, his garb and fashion drawing more observation than did the rich apparel of others; so that it was a common saying of the late Earl of Carlisle, 'here comes the Earl of Arundel, in his plain staff and trunk hose, and his beard in his teeth, that looks more like a nobleman than any of us.'"

He was the greatest favourite of the arts; especially painting, sculpture, designs, carving, building, and the like, that this age had produced; his collection of designs being more than that of any person living; and his statues equal in number, value, and antiquity, to those in the houses of most princes; to gain which, he had many persons employed in Italy, Greece, and generally in any part of Europe where rarities were to be had. His paintings, likewise, were numerous, and of the most excellent masters, having more of that exquisite painter, Hans Holbein, than are in the world besides. And he had the honour to be the first person of quality that set a value on them in our nation; and, also, the first person that brought in uniformity in building, and was chief commissioner to see it per-

formed in London, which since that time has added exceedingly to the beauty of that city." Lord Arundel was certainly the means, in some part, of inspiring Charles I. with that taste in the fine arts for which he was so remarkable; yet it does not appear that there was ever much good fellowship between the earl and his pupil. Charles caused him to be imprisoned in 1626, during the sitting of Parliament, and contrary to privilege, for allowing his son, Lord Maltravers, to marry a cousin of the king, Elizabeth, daughter of Esme Stuart, Duke of Lennox, without his majesty's consent. Arundel, nevertheless, served the king on several important embassies, and was generalissimo of the army which Charles conducted against the Scottish Covenanters in 1639—being chiefly qualified for that part, according to Clarendon, by negative properties: "he did not love the Scots, he did not love the Puritans, and he did not much love any body else; but he was fit to keep the state of it, and his rank was such that no man would decline the serving under him." The army was dissolved, as is well known, without having been led into action.

Philip, Earl of Arundel, died at Padua in 1646. His eldest surviving son, Henry-Frederick, succeeded him in his titles and estates: the second became Viscount Stafford, and suffered an iniquitous judicial death, in 1678, for no fault but his professing a religion then obnoxious to popular clamour. Henry, Earl of Arundel, was a zealous royalist, and suffered much on that account. He died in 1652, leaving nine sons, most of whom had descendants. The eldest, Thomas, his successor, was restored in 1664 to the title of Duke of Norfolk, which had been lost by his ancestor in 1572. He died in 1677, and was succeeded by his next brother, Henry, who presented the Arundel Marbles to the University of Oxford. Henry dying in 1683, was succeeded by his son, also named Henry, who ranks as the seventh Duke of Norfolk. The Norfolk family is remarkable for the adherence of its various members to diverse forms of religion. Some were Catholics, and suffered greatly on that account. At other times, the representative of the family is found to have been a zealous Protestant. The seventh Duke of Norfolk was a Protestant, during a reign when the Catholic faith would have been more acceptable at court. It is related of him, that he one day was honoured by James II. with the duty of carrying the sword of state before his majesty to the Catholic chapel. His grace stopped at the door, being prevented by conscientious feelings from entering; upon which the king said to him, "Your father would have gone farther." The duke recollecting the zealous attachment of Charles I. to the church of England, answered, "And your majesty's father, who was the better man, would not have gone so far." This duke warmly espoused the popular side at the Revolution. He died in 1701, without issue.

The succeeding duke was Thomas, son of Lord Thomas, the younger brother of the preceding. This branch of the family was Catholic, and had suffered considerably on behalf of James II. Thomas, the eighth Duke, was of course unable to distinguish himself in public life. He was succeeded in 1732 by his brother Edward, ninth duke, who, dying in 1777 at the age of ninety-two, without issue, opened the succession to Mr Charles Howard, descended from the fourth son of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel. This duke, the tenth in succession, published anecdotes of his family, which possess considerable interest. With him, the religion of this great house once more became Protestant. The tenth duke died in 1786, and was succeeded by his only son, Charles; at whose decease in 1815, without issue, the honours of the house fell to Bernard Edward Howard, great-grandson of the youngest son of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel. Bernard Edward, twelfth Duke of Norfolk, a Catholic, born in 1765, at present enjoys the titles; and his heir-apparent is Henry Charles, Earl of Surry.

#### FIELD-SPORTS IN CANADA.

HAVING settled yourself, and got things into some kind of tolerable order and comfort, you will next begin to think how you may amuse your leisure hours. And in the midst of forests abounding with game, and lakes and rivers teeming with fish (more especially if, as often happens with the new settler, his principal food should be salted provisions), the gun and the fishing-rod naturally suggest themselves, not merely as an innocent mode of passing an hour, but as the means of furnishing the family larder with the most savoury part of its contents.

Few people in this country, except such whose sporting propensities have still stuck by them, and some officers at the different garrisons, who want something to kill the time, engage in a regular day's shooting; but when a man goes into the woods, at any rate he takes his gun with him, in case he should fall in with a deer that might replenish his stock of provisions, or a bear whose skin he may wish to borrow against next winter.

Many gentlemen coming out to Canada think, that, as the country is rough, nothing but the spaniel or setter will do. There cannot be a greater mistake. A setter is useless when he is not under your eye, and that he never can be for any very long time in Canada. In pheasant shooting, the cocker would be useful, for pheasants are found in swamps and close cover, where it is very difficult to go; and when once

sprung, the barking of the dog makes them sooner take to a tree again, where the continuation of the uproar at once makes them sit, and warns you where they are to be found. Wherever there are vermin, terriers are invaluable. In Canada there are plenty of the former, therefore let the latter be brought hither. The Scottish wire-haired, black-muzzled, or the English snow-ball, is the best.

If you have a rifle, you may just as well bring it, or, if you have plenty of money, you may buy one from Nock, who is the best maker in London; but if you have a good town-made double-barrel, a rifle is unnecessary, as a little ball-practice will enable you to put a ball into a playing-card at thirty-five or forty paces, and that is as far out as, during the greater part of the year, you will ever see deer; and by loading one barrel with shot, and the other with ball or buck-shot, you are in *utrumque paratus*. In India, the deer and tiger hunters have long exchanged the rifle for the Manton, which, from practice, they use with equal precision, and much greater quickness. There were, in the year 1813, three officers in one cantonment, any one of whom would have taken a bet of three to one that he would hit a cricket-ball bowled away with a single bullet. If, however, you prefer the rifle, you can get them in this country, coarsely finished to be sure, but perfectly true and cheap, at from L.5 to L.15 currency.

In Canadian sporting, it is often necessary to fire at night, or in the imperfect light of the evening or morning. In that case you will find it a very great assistance to mark the barrel with a chalk line from the breech to the sight. This hint may be useful in coming home at night in England, when you often walk up a covey too tired with their day's exertion to be wild.

At the head of our quadruped game is the deer. He is larger than the fallow-deer of England; and his horns, we would say, are twined the wrong way, and are differently shaped from those of the deer of Europe. They are found in great abundance in every part of the province. Deer-stalking is much practised; but to practise it with success, you must be acquainted with the topography of the neighbourhood, and know the salt licks and other haunts. Another way is, to let a canoe or raft float down a stream, during the midsummer night, with a bright light upon it. This seems to dazzle or fascinate the animal, who is fond of standing in the water when the mosquitoes are troublesome in the woods; and if the manœuvre be skillfully managed without noise, he will allow you to come within a few yards of him; so near indeed will he allow you thus to approach, that there have been instances known of his having been killed with a fish-spear. The most certain and deadly mode of proceeding, however, is to send your dogs into the woods some miles from the banks of a lake or great river, and "hark down" on the scent, when he will be sure to run for the water, where you can knock him on the head from a boat or canoe. But even in this defenceless position you must not approach him rashly, for he gives an ugly wound with his horns; and with the sharp hoofs of his fore feet, he has been known to deal such a blow as has separated the muscle from the bone of a man's leg. You must therefore either shoot him, knock him on the head, drown him by holding down his head with an oar, or seize hold of him by the seat, and make him tow the boat until he is exhausted, and can be mastered.

In deer-stalking, and indeed all kinds of sporting in this country, it is often necessary to camp out—that is, bivouac in the woods. This would appear to a man who is curious in well-aired sheets, as the next way to the other world; but in reality there is nothing either dangerous or unpleasant in the proceeding. Every man carries with him in the woods, punk, that is, German tinder, a fungous excrescence of the maple, and a flint. With this and the back of his knife a light is struck, and the ignited piece cut off from the mass. This is put into dry moss, and blown or swung round the head until it blazes, and thus a large fire of logs is kindled. Spruce and hemlock are stripped, and moss gathered to make a bed; and if it be dry overhead, nothing further is necessary, the party all sleeping with their feet turned towards the fire. If, however, it threatens rain, a tent or wigwam of bark can soon be erected, perfectly weather-tight. And in winter this may be rendered more comfortable by shovelling the snow up on the walls so as to exclude the wind.

In hunting the bear, take all the curs in the village along with you. Game dogs are useless for this purpose; for, unless properly trained, they fly at the throat, and get torn to pieces or hugged to death for their pains. The curs yelp after him, bite his rump, and make him tree,\* where he can be shot.—*Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada, by a Backwoodsman.*

\* To tree is an American verb active, signifying to make any animal take to a tree. In Kentucky, and other places *inter barbares*, nigger hunting is a favourite sport. When a slave runs away so often that there is no hope of the terror of the cowskin keeping him at home, a party is made up for a nigger hunt, for the purpose of shooting him "pour encourager les autres." It is looked upon as adding considerable zest to the sport, when you have the good luck to tree the nigger, as then you can exhibit your dexterity, and, like Bob Acres, "bring him down at a long shot."

## MANNERS AND CHARACTER OF THE NORWEGIANS.

We were more and more delighted as we proceeded, with the honest and simple-minded peasantry of Norway, and deeply regretted our inability to converse with them, except through an interpreter. Poorly as they appear to live, they are in no way depressed, but are active, sprightly, and have every appearance of being blessed with sound and healthy constitutions, gifted with much intelligence, and frequently disposed to be witty. We understood that, although they struggled hard for their independence, and at last submitted to the yoke of Sweden, on compulsion, they are much more happy than they were under the dominion of Denmark; less annoyed with petty demands upon them for certain services; less taxed, which always seems a great boon; the conscription is abolished; and the laws are more favourable to the liberty of the subject. Two points they were most anxious to obtain—the application of the surplus revenue to the wants and improvements of Norway, and the abolition of the aristocracy. The first, I believe, is yet in discussion; the latter they have eventually obtained, much against the wish of Sweden, where nobles are “as plenty as blackberries.” The Norwegians hold in great veneration the memory of their ancient kings, and what they now wish for is a monarchical democracy—a king and the people, without the intervention of a third estate. The peasantry are said to be somewhat superstitious, as, indeed, all mountaineers are, more or less. They are not much given to roam; they are attached to their mountains, their rivers, and their fjords, which are made the burden of their songs. They have several national airs or hymns in celebration of their heroes, their beauties, and their mountains, set to simple and melodious airs.

The few of what may be called the upper class with whom we had any intercourse in the towns, were of kind and affable manners, and clever, well-informed men; they were generally perfect masters of our language, and entered willingly into conversation. But we saw only a few of them. In Bergen and in Tronøyem all the gentry were absent at their little villas, and some of them this year at the Storting. To become thoroughly acquainted with the state of society would require a winter's residence; to see the country in all its beauty and grandeur, the only favourable time is in the summer months.

We invariably found the lower class simple and open-hearted, inclined to be very friendly, and always cheerful. Even those whom we saw in parts where their livelihood was earned most hardly, and who in winter must be reduced to almost absolute starvation, were nevertheless happy and contented. Black bread of barley or rye, with milk and butter, and sometimes a little dried or salted fish, constitute their daily fare. Butchers' meat is out of the question; thousands know not what it is, and the majority very rarely taste it. In the whole of our tour, excepting at Christiania, Bergen, and Tronøyem, we never met with a single morsel of it. The happy and contented disposition of these single-minded people, under all their privations, might afford an instructive lesson to those who have been pampered in cities, and surrounded by all the luxuries they could desire, and yet are discontented, and far from enjoying that degree of happiness which falls to the lot of these poor Norwegian mountaineers.

Farewell, then, to Norway! a long farewell to her snow-capped mountains, her fir-clad hills, her lovely valleys, her clear and limpid streams, her clearer lakes and unfathomable fjords! Farewell, ye free and happy and contented sons of the mountains! May no intruder disturb your peaceful cottages with wild and pernicious theories, that lead only to confusion and ruin! Listen rather to those sound precepts delivered from the mouths of your venerable pastors, your best instructors and truest friends!—From *Excursions in the North of Europe*, by John Barron, Junior; just published by Murray.

## A FINE DAY.

A countryman, who was what is termed a little silly, got an idea into his head that it was always a fine day. His friends were anxious to get the better of this extraordinary prejudice of his. So one day, when Samuel came in very cold, there being a very severe snow-storm at the time, he came in all white, with his clothes all covered with snow; he was like a cloud of snow—they thought it a good opportunity to try him. They said, “a terrible snow this.” Says Samuel, “it's a fine day.” They were very anxious to convince him of his error, and they waited till another day, when there was a deluge of rain, and he was quite drenched, his hat hanging down, and his clothes all wet, and he appeared in a most uncomfortable condition, feeling in such a way apparently as to confess any thing. “A terrible rain this,” they observed to him. “O, a fine day,” Samuel answered. After this they waited some months longer, and at last a dreadful storm occurred—the rain came down in torrents—the wind blew as to go through him—the lightning flashed about him, and the thunder roared over him, and Samuel was in terrible consternation—he came in quite pale with dread. They thought this a glorious opportunity to root out of his mind the extraordinary notion that it was always fine weather, and remarked, “this is a terrible storm.” But Samuel, with his usual manner, soused down on a chair, and said, “Yes, it's a fine day!”

## EXECUTIONS IN ROME.

The execution of criminals in Rome, says Dr Clarke, is carried on with a vast deal of solemnity, and it is very rare indeed to see an instance of what is called in England dying hard. The most hardened villain, subdued by long confinement, and the natural superstition of the country, approaches death dispirited and repentant. I remember, however, one instance to the contrary. A bricklayer was, by some means or other, cheated out of his property by a priest and a lawyer, the last of whom was his relation. He made the usual application for justice, which was followed, as usual, with no redress. For some time he bore his misfortune with firmness, and without complaint; at length, however, the sense of his injuries pressed so hard upon him, that he became desperate, and incensed almost to madness. In this state of mind he went one day into the church of St Giacomo, in the Corso, when the priest was officiating, and shot him dead at the altar. He was apprehended, condemned, and led to execution. Every means had been used to prevail on him to confess his crime, and receive absolution, but in vain. The fatal cord was fastened to his neck; the most celebrated friar in Rome had been selected to attend him; the last moment approached, when the friar once more begged he would make confession of his sin. “Upon one condition I will comply with your request,” said the undaunted criminal; “let me but have a slap at the lawyer, and then I will confess both my sins at once.”

## TO THE WORLDLING.

In hours of mirth and heartless glee,  
All seems bright and fair with thee;  
All looks joy, that wears the show:  
But is it thus? I answer, No!  
When left alone, thy spirits sink;  
Thy greatest curse here, is—to think.  
When seated in the banquet room,  
How void of care, how free of gloom!  
Gay is thy smile, and smooth thy brow,  
But is thy heart at rest? Oh, no;  
To snap the firm, yet fragile link,  
Ye need but just one hour—to think.  
The world thy all, admired, and sought,  
New pleasures fill thy every thought;  
Yet, though caressed, and masked, thou'lt show  
Peace dwells not with thee; no, oh, no;  
From solitude thy mind will shrink,  
And curse men's greatest joy—to think.  
No future hope to cheer thee up,  
Thy stimulus the festal cup,  
Though nought but poison e'er can flow  
Into thy draught; poor worldling, no;  
For mingled bitterness ye drink,  
When sated vice gives time—to think.  
Thy morals loose, thy honour gone,  
O'er virtues wrecked thou'rt left to mourn;  
Yet, though reflection seems thy foe,  
'Tis not in truth! oh, no, no, no;  
'Twould ask repentance: do not shrink!  
Thy surest safety is—to think.

## SLANG OF ARTISTS.

The conversation of artists, when it has reference to their profession, is usually patched up with phrases peculiar to themselves, and which may not improperly be called the slang of art. This jargon, when heard by persons unacquainted with its application, is apt to lead to awkward mistakes. A laughable instance of this kind occurred lately. A party of artists were travelling in a stage-coach, in which, besides themselves, a sedate venerable lady was the only passenger. The conversation among the artists ran on as follows:—“How playful those clouds are!—that group to the left is sweetly composed, though perhaps a little too solid and rocky for the others. I have seen nothing of —'s lately. I think he is clever. He makes all his flesh too chalky. You must allow, however, that he is very successful with his ladies.” The old lady began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness, and at the close of each observation, cast an anxious and inquiring look at the speaker. Her companions, however, unconscious of the alarm they were exciting (for she entertained doubts as to their sanity), went on in the same style. She heard them, to her increasing dismay, talk of a farm-house coming out from the neighbouring trees, and of a gentleman's grounds wanting repose. At length they approached an old village church. A great many observations were made about the *keeping*, &c. of the scene, which the old lady bore with tolerable magnanimity; but at last one of the party exclaimed, in a kind of enthusiasm, “See how well the woman in the red cloak carries off the tower.” This was too much. The lady screamed to the coachman to stop, paid him his fare, although advanced only half way on her journey, and expressed her thankfulness for having escaped alive from such a set of madmen.

## MADAME DE STAËL.

It was one of the weaknesses of Madame De Staël's mind to wish for the distinction of beauty. She had the folly to say, “she would give half her intellectual capacity for the power of interesting.” In quest of compliment, she once tried, when in company with Talleyrand, and a lady of great beauty, to make him show a preference. But in vain she put such questions as she thought inevitable; he parried all. At last she said, “Now, if both of us were drowning, which would you try to save?” “O, madam!” he replied, bowing to her, “you swim so well.”

## THE KROOMEN.

THE Kroo country is situated on that part of the coast of Africa called the Grain Coast; the chief towns of which are Settra Kroo, Little Kroo, Kroo Barro, Kroo Settra, and King Will's town. It does not appear that it extends any distance inland.

The Kroomen, that is, the Kroo and Fish men, for they all come under the general denomination of Kroomen in Sierra Leone, are almost the only people on the coast who voluntarily emigrate to seek for labour out of their own country. They come to Sierra Leone, to work in any capacity in which they can obtain employment, until they are possessed of sufficient property to enable them to purchase several wives. The object they propose to themselves in this increase of their domestic establishments, differs in some respects from the indulgences of the East. The Kroomen compel their women to perform all the field work, as well as the necessary domestic duties, in conformity with the usages of savage life; and when they can purchase a sufficient number of wives to fulfil all these employments, they pass the remainder of their days in ease and indolence. Before they are able to accomplish this object, they are obliged to make several visits to Sierra Leone, as they do not like to be absent more than two or three years at a time from their own country. The average duration of this voluntary banishment is perhaps about eighteen months. A sketch of the progress of the Kroomen from their first visit to Sierra Leone, to the final consummation of their wishes, in the attainment of their paradise of idleness, will fully illustrate the peculiar character of a tribe, one of whose usages is that of seeking abroad, during the vigorous years of life, the means of dwelling with ease and comfort in old age at home.

When they have arrived at healthy boyhood, they first come to Sierra Leone in the capacity of apprentices to the old hands, who are considered as headmen or masters: these headmen, according to their influence or station in their own country, have a proportionate number of apprentices attached to them, fluctuating from five to twenty, to teach them what they call “white man's fashion.” The profit of the labour of the youths is always received by the headmen, who return them a small portion of it. When an apprentice goes back to his own country, after his first trip, he is considered to have passed through the period of initiation; and when next he visits Sierra Leone, he comes upon his own account. The amount of the gains of this visit (a great part of which consists of what they have been able to steal) is delivered up to the elders of his family, who select and purchase a wife for him. A short time is now spent in marriage festivities with the respective relatives of the parties, and then a fresh venture to Sierra Leone is undertaken, on which occasion he leaves his wife with her relations. The proceeds of the third visit are dedicated to the building of a hut and the purchase of another wife. But he does not remain long at home before he prepares to set out again for the purpose of making fresh accessions to his wealth; so that he may increase his household up to the desired point where his own personal labour will be rendered unnecessary to his support. In this way he continues to visit Sierra Leone, accumulate property, and purchase wives, the general number of which varies from six to ten, until he has secured the requisite domestic establishment; when he “sits down,” as they call it, for the remainder of his life, in what he considers affluence and happiness. The process of wife-buying is remarkably curious. For the first wife, they pay two bullocks, two brass kettles, one piece of blue baid, and one iron bar; but the terms upon which they obtain the rest depends entirely upon the agreement they make with the parents of the brides. A convenient condition is attached to the marriage articles, which secures the husband against any risk of being disappointed by the bargain. If, after marriage, he discovers in the lady any imperfection, or qualities that falsify the account given of her previously by her parents, he is at liberty to turn her away in disgrace; and the rejected bride is for ever after looked upon as an abandoned character.

Of course, it does not fall to the lot of every Kroo-man who goes to Sierra Leone to secure such luxuries for the decline of life, many of them being too imprudent to take sufficient care of their earnings.

When the Kroomen leave their own country for Sierra Leone, they do not bring any thing with them, except their gregories (various charms), some native medicines, consisting merely of a few herbs, and a little box containing certificates of character from the different persons with whom they have served.—From *Holman's (the blind traveller) Voyage Round the World*: just published.

EDINBURGH: Published, weekly, by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place; ORR & SMITH, Paternoster-row, London; and YOUNG AND CUNNINGHAM, Dublin. Agent in Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 30, Argyle Street; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland.—“Chambers's Historical Newspaper,” a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and “Chambers's Information for the People,” of which every number is a distinct branch of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight.—Subscribers in Edinburgh may have these papers left at their houses as they appear, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place, and paying subscriptions for a quarter, a half year, or a year, in advance.—Price of a quarter of the Journal, 1s. 6d.

From the Steam-press of W. and R. Chambers.